

The Historie of

hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me,
I neede no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during
life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince,

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword?
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnrenew'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day,
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure,

Prin. He is indeed, and huing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not
my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt,

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.

Prin. What? is it a time to leaue and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in
my way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly let him make a
Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter
hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so; if not, honour comes vn-
lookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleede too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. *(sent.)*

King. I will do so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his

West. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I do not neede your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

Henry the fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

Ioh. We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,
Our due tie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother, Iohn,
But now, I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,
With lustier maintenance, then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfetst the person of a king?

King. The king himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Secke Percie and thy selfe about the field,
But seeing thou fals't on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet,
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king,
But mine, I am sure, thou art, who er'e thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes:
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,
V Who neuer promiserh, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while: